



Roseville



Newark, Ohio.

Commencement Number
June 1915

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OREN J. BARNES
Principal

¶ In token of our esteem for him as a man, and of our appreciation of his interest in our work, we dedicate this issue to our Principal.



REVEILLE STAFF

Back row left to right—Helen Laughlin, Geo. Pfeffer, Robert Swingle, Ruth Hirst, Herschel Stephan, Gladys Drumm, Guy Bazler, Cornelia Ellis.
Bottom row left to right—Mildred McCain, Frank Taafel, Ava Ballou, Warren Weiant, Elizabeth Kibler, Raymond Crawmer, Elinor Johnson.

Reveille

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EDITORIAL.

In this the last issue of the "Reveille" that the present staff will publish, I will say that every one on the editorial board has worked industriously and earnestly to make the "Reveille" a success. While some of the editions were probably not as well edited as we would have liked them, and if we had the chance to re-edit them we would really make a success of them. But an editorial board is not made up of journalistic geniuses. We thank our patrons and readers of this year and we wish all underclassmen a smooth journey through Newark High and also give the

Seniors warning to "watch their step."

After this issue the present editorial board will turn the "Reveille" over to the tender mercies of next year's staff. We wish them a successful journey over the several obstacles that confronted the present staff in their short career and in the behalf of next year's editorial board, we leave a plea with the students of Newark High for more material.

Wm. E. Gladstone is said "to have never permitted the wheels of his mind to revolve without biting the rails of the subject at home." It is evident, then, that even such a one as he may have had to cudgel himself into doing the right thing by a little perseverance and sticktuitiveness. Mr. Gladstone also had many other excellent qualities but without this one he may have never been able to reach that high plane of excellence and be entitled the Grand Old Man. At any rate, he must never have acquired that easy habit of procrastination. Habits like seeds grow and, too, like the nature of seeds they must be cared for in time if they ever expect to be of any importance. Benjamin Franklin says if we love life, then do not squander time for that is what life is made of.

Children learn from the objective point of view, older people from the subjective. In the graded schools the children are taught how to write from the models in the copy book. But as we grow older, we

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are provided with copy books of a somewhat different type. The copies given us are not always perfect and it is sometimes our function to improve upon mistakes as well as imitate correct designs. We have the privilege of following out each one of the lines of a life and making a similar counterpart. Mr. Gladstone is a noteworthy copy and we can well model some strokes of life's pen from him, but nearer to us and perhaps more easily traced is the High School record which the class of '15 is bringing to completion. Most of us have grown up under its environment and we have a chance to look back upon it and sum up its achievements and note its errors in its struggle to make a copy.

Each day we give a turn to one of the great wheels of progress, at the same time little realizing perhaps that the energy expended will culminate in a movement which will at length react, not only upon our future but upon that of others. We of N. H. S. seem to be satisfied with an efficiency as low as seventy per cent. Are

we giving forth that power which the world's work demands? As far as the material things go we desire that of superior quality. Why, then, are we satisfied with anything less than that for the welfare of humanity. There is some good in everyone and all may clamor for the best. If we do not then our ability to demand it has in some way been weakened. In this case our other self, having obtained the upper hand, does the guiding and conscience loses its power. In consequence we are cheated out of as much as we had otherwise gained. So the result does not come from what we do put in but from what we do not put into the building up of our character. In other words our human structure has been marred by the material used. The opportunities for acquiring material are open to every one, he may choose whatever he likes.

Now, if the minimum efficiency of the High School were ninety per cent, we would be heeding the worthy call, "Understand this first, last and always, the world wants the best, it wants your best."

TO THE SPIRIT OF NINETEEN FIFTEEN CLASS POEM.

Nineteen Fifteen, thy name we praise,
Thy loyal, purpled banner high we raise,
For four short, happy years thy hand
hast led
Thy children as their carefree school
days fled;
Till now on this thy day thou bidst
"Godspeed."

Few of us here shall ever bring thee
fame,
But all with loving hearts shall serve
thy name
As loyal children, to our brothers true,
Revering thy ideals in all we do,
And to thy sacred precepts giving heed.

Oh, class of ours, we'll love thee still,
when Time's autumnal winds blow sharp
and chill,
Then we'll return to sing the songs of
old
And have the tales of good old days re-
told,
Till then, Nineteen Fifteen, bid us "God-
speed."
—R. H.

OUR DEBATING TEAMS



Left to right--Pearsall, Keckley, Parker (coach), Crawmer, Hawkins, Capt.



Left to right--Swingle, Stevenson, Parker (coach), Wilkin, Peck.

The Seventeenth Annual Debate

Friday, March twelfth, nineteen fifteen, saw a spirit of intense excitement afloat in the old High School, for it was the day of the greater inter-scholastic debate, that event which sends a shiver up the spine of every member of the school, from the most dignified unexcitable Senior to the smallest Freshman, who has never before experienced the thrills of anticipation of the great event of the year.

Early in the day, Thalian and Athenian committees were hustling about, making the chapel festive and the halls ready for the evening, meeting the Mt. Vernon crowd on the noon train and making chocolate and sandwiches for the reception, to be given after the debate.

The student body gave the debaters on the negative team a rousing send off when they departed for Zanesville, afterwards marching through town in a long single line. Every girl who possessed a sailor tie or red ribbon waved it, and every boy who still retained a vestige of his natural voice made the skyscrapers send back an echo of the physical expression of our loyalty to the school.

At six-thirty, the chapel was opened and the enthusiastic crowd began to come. Practically every girl wore her whitest middie blouse and her freshest tie and ribbons, and long before time to begin, the crowded hall with lusty shouts from both boys and girls.

The Mt. Vernon team was well supported and gave a satisfactory proof of their loyalty to their school by many outbursts of original and catchy yells, which ought to instill hope and fortitude in the heart of every member of their team.

When the time arrived and the Mt. Vernon speakers made their appearance, the loyal Newark audience arose in a body and welcomed their own debaters with strains of the school song, "Hail, Newark High School, Hail!" sung with all the strength of over-worked though loyal throats. The fight was on!

Lou Ella Hawkins opened for the affirmative. After giving an analysis of the question, she outlined the argument to be presented by the Newark team. She attempted to show that private ownership of railroads is unsatisfactory and government ownership necessary.

Robert Eastman spoke first for Mt. Vernon. He said that government ownership

was unnecessary because the Interstate Commerce Commission could furnish any remedy needed.

Edward Pearsoll replied for Newark. After clearing for action by refuting some of the arguments that had been advanced he proceeded with Newark's constructive argument to show that government ownership would be a desirable substitute for the present system.

Olive Black spoke ably in behalf of Mt. Vernon, giving some of Mt. Vernon's most telling arguments in an efficient and convincing manner.

Raymond Cramer closed Newark's constructive argument by showing that government ownership is practical and has been successful in Australia and other countries.

Glenn Sparks was extremely apt in refuting some of the arguments advanced by Newark and in addition gave the final points in the argument of Mt. Vernon.

After the usual rebuttal speeches the decisions of the judges were given. At Zanesville, two to one in Zanesville; at Mt. Vernon, two to one in Zanesville's favor and at home, three to nothing in our own favor.

Patriotic yells of triumph broke forth as we realized that our victory was a unanimous one, but remembering our two years of total defeat, we sympathized with the Mt. Vernon crowd so far from home, and as far as was possible controlled our delight. In such moments we were proud to note that our Alma Mater has trained her children well and that they never forget their manners when in company. At home, our supporters behaved like the gracious hosts and hostesses that they were and made the vanquished guests feel that they were not strangers in a strange land.

The reception held in the halls under the direction of the Athenian and Thalian Literary Societies was enjoyed by all who partook, and though one kettle of chocolate was scorched a tiny bit everyone laid the blame on the fire and the general excitement of the evening, and complimented the societies on their social success.

AT ZANESVILLE.

At Zanesville, Dorothy Atwell opened the debate for Zanesville. She analyzed the question and gave as the main issues

of the question, three of which were agreed to by the Newark team. Is government ownership necessary? Is it desirable? Is it practical?

Robert Swingle spoke for Newark, refuting the argument advanced by the first speaker and showing that present conditions do not warrant a change so radical as the one proposed. His debating was highly complimented by many, including Mr. White, principal of Zanesville High School.

Helen Haas, Zanesville's second speaker, showed that government ownership is desirable and explained how it would remedy evils in the present system.

Robert Wilkin ably refuted many of the conclusions reached by the preceding speaker, and showed examples of unjust discrimination and the evils under government ownership to parallel those pointed out under private ownership.

Bernard Bey, Zanesville's last speaker, repeated his colleague's statement that government ownership had experienced

phenomenal success in fifty out of fifty-four countries of the world. He pointed out the experience of the Panama railway as an example.

Leland Stevenson seemed to "knock the props" from under the preceding argument and proceeded to show that government ownership had been a failure even in the places where results were now satisfactory.

In the rebuttal, Newark seemed to carry off the honors, but somehow the judges failed to agree with the opinions voiced by the Newark people. After the debate, the school very kindly entertained the Newark team with a banquet at which most of the debaters made speeches befitting the occasion. Shortly after midnight, our debaters arrived home, disappointed but not without the fighting spirit which is the characteristic of all the children of Newark High.

We are on the climb, now, so Mt. Vernon and Zanesville next year, watch out ! ! !

THE CLASS WILL

Know all men by these presents: That we the members of the Senior class of 1915, Newark High School, County of Licking, and State of Ohio, being of sound and disposing mind, do make, declare and publish the following to be our last will and testament:

Firstly—To our efficient Principal, Mr. Oren J. Barnes, we give the free and unlimited right of way to beautify the lawn on said High School grounds, and to acquire another mustache before September 8, 1916, this same mustache to be used advantageously for improvement of said Mr. Barnes.

Secondly—To Mr. Tait, we do will and bequeath the fair teachers, Misses Mercer and Jones, together with all other teachers of above mentioned High School, hoping that it may finally be their fate to be wedded to the illustrious Mr. Tait.

Thirdly—To Mr. Gingery we do hereby leave the Normal class of 1916, with a special request that animal dissection be omitted from the course. Also to said Mr. Gingery we leave the Junior class to be guided safely through the mysteries of Electricity and Galvanometry with a special plea for this said class when grades are to be considered.

Fourthly—To Mr. Parker, our esteemed coach, we with special permission of the Ohio Electric Railway company, do hereby give unto said Mr. Parker an annual ticket book to be used between the city of Newark and Gelant's greenhouse, said ticket book to be made use of not more than five times per week and not less than three.

Fifthly—To all the faculty, our Superintendent and our Board, we do leave the kindest wishes and best thoughts for those who have so unselfishly guided us through our four years of High School activities, and who have helped to sweeten the bitter places and make more pleasant the happy events of our glorious career.

Sixthly—To our scholastic celebrities, Ruth Hirst and Robert Wilkin, we do will and bequeath the right of acquiring all future knowledge to be disposed of at said parties' will and we do hereby wish unto them all success in the days that are to come so that the class of 1915 may say they are Newark High's own children, and behold their marvelous works.

Seventhly—In order to attain a more tranquil state of affairs in the East part of said city of Newark, we do bequeath Josephine Beatrice Lake unto Eugene Bader to be disposed of at will, also in same

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section of said city, inasmuch as it pleases us we do bestow all rights reserved on June fourteenth, nineteen hundred and fifteen, in the year of our Lord, our French scholar Adria Augusta Harrison to Mr. Fred Reese, to be his blushing bride, knowing that these aforesaid parties will reach a maximum degree of joy and happiness.

Eighthly—We, the members of the class of 1915 since we cannot keep them longer, do hereby will to Ohio Wesleyan our daring athletes Easterday, Warner and Stephan, to be used as aforesaid college may see fit. We do this with all respect for their past victories and hope for future ones.

Ninthly—We, with great fear and trembling, do hereby give to Bernice Catt and Mary Franks three years of Science, principally Physics, generously intermingled with good times and trips to Columbus, to be taken in pursuit of Science.

Tenthly—Without desiring or attempting to find an equal for our class president, we do hereby leave to Leland Stevenson a volume of "Extracts from Demosthenes Diary" and our honorable coach, Mr. Parker, to be indulged in sparingly during his natural life and at said Leland Stevenson's demise to be given to Raymond Crawler, the pompous debater of the class of 1915, same to be used in aforesaid manner, also to these same said parties we would advise not less than a year spent in the company of our wonderful orator of bygone days, John Dale McNamar.

Eleventhly—If in the course of unnatural events, our Senior Local Editor, Helen Laughlin, should decide to substitute one brilliant, learned man, namely Paul Mossman as a lifetime assistant instead of Hoadley Physics Book, we do herewith bequeath to her much scientific bliss, and at her demise to be given to her co-mate, Kathryn Davis.

Twelfthly—To Cornell Clothing company we do hereby declare Lawrence Love to be given to said clothing company with many misgivings, until Ed. Doe's clothiers return to said City of Newark, County of

Licking, becomes a certainty and at this incident or accident, said Lawrence Love must be disposed of for \$9.99.

Thirteenthly—To the fair maidens of the class of 1916, with all due respect, we leave to them the elaborate hair dressing of Mae McIntosh, together with her knowledge of Civics and Dennison University to be used during 1916 and 1917 by these same maidens at will.

Fourteenthly—To the class of 1916 we do hereby give to them, the Virgil ponies of the departing class, their Physics Book, together with all our low grades appetizing thereunto, also a sufficient amount of Hydrogen Sulphide fumes from Chemistry Laboratory.

Fifteenthly—To the class of 1917, we, the class of 1915, do leave to them the following: Mr. Moninger and Wentworth's Plane Geometry with instructions that each lesson in said Geometry Book must be learned thoroughly, a seat in Room 18, sixth period, and a generous supply of chemistry and accompanying poisonous gases.

Sixteenthly—To the class of 1918, in order to promote the general welfare of the aforesaid class, we do hereby leave to them our learned teacher, Miss Carrie B. Allen, together with her knowledge of Ancient History and Caesar, and do leave as parting advice one well built Roman bridge, said bridge to be used for the purpose of carrying this said class into their third year of blundering.

Seventeenthly—To the students of N. H. S. in future years, we do hereby leave unto them our unfortunate delinquents of said school, namely, Leah Leuscher, David Thompson and Loyal Snelling, aforesaid people to be placed in Room 17 for safe-keeping until some future date whereupon they may be summoned by Mr. Barnes to the office of said High School to be presented by same Mr. Barnes with sixteen credits, whereupon without future delay they are to leave building and grounds of said High School at once, lest there be some mistake.

In witness whereof, we herunto have set our hand in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

G. E. K., Chairman.

PROPHECY OF CLASS 1915

June 9, 1925, I started from New York City in a passenger aeroplane which I later discovered, much to my surprise, had been invented by a former school-mate of mine, Wilson Irwin, who was now a famous scientist. He had dedicated it to his devoted admirer, Mildred McCain.

We were destined to arrive in Paris the following day, but during the night I woke from a dreadful nightmare and found myself falling. I had no time to think until I felt myself lighting upon something soft and light, which held me up and away I floated in mid-ocean. As the dawn began to streak the eastern skies, I perceived a ship drawing near and, in the increasing light, the people on board finally discovered me. When I came near enough, I found the people on deck convulsed with laughter. I was taken on board and inquired the cause of such hilarity. In my fright I had given no thought to what I was floating on, but in the safe haven, now procured for me, I investigated the matter. To my astonishment, I discovered an ordinary newspaper clinging to my garments. A chemist on board declares that the ink with which the newspaper was printed was the wonderful invention of another school-mate of mine, Kenneth Brubaker, who, contrary to Mr. Tait's opinion, had budded out into a brilliant genius. This ink, mixed with a curious kind of oil, had the effect when coming in contact with water, of expanding and with an invisible strength, of supporting a body as successfully as cork. I took this valuable newspaper to my room (state—) and glanced over its contents. I soon became immensely interested. This day was June 10, 1925, the tenth anniversary of my High School commencement. The thought brought me fond recollections and the paper soon held by absorbed attention. It was a copy of the Bugville Chronicle, containing accounts of all the "Bugs" both big and little, who had been my High School friends. This paper was a member of the World News Association and contained clippings from various parts of the world, which brought back old memories. Glancing at the editorials, I discovered that Goddard Chase was editor-in-chief and Hazel Darnes, associate editor.

Home News.

Santiago, California.—Agnes Evans and Marie Bourner, celebrated stage beauties, are now travelling with the Western Rover company as "Crackerjack Belles," of which company Lawrence Love is the manager.

Washington, D. C.—Albert Kaiser, with the bull-dog persistence of William Jennings Bryan, has finally landed at the capitol as Secretary of State.

New York City, N. Y.—Miss Beatrice Stephenson is now a living model in a prominent department store in this city, and Mr. Tait's trips East have become noticeably more frequent since, although Frederick Meredith holds a permanent residence in the city and is retail dealer in the latest style of men's and boys' shirts.

Chicago, Ill.—Mr. Fred Toothacher, a rising young dentist of Chicago, is now suing his wife, formerly Miss Doris Avery, for divorce on the grounds that she is receiving attentions from a wealthy widower, Mr. Dale Warner, whose wife, formerly Miss Kathryn Davis, of Newark, Ohio, died six months ago. Mr. Warner was formerly the manager of a Y. M. C. A., but since his wife's death has become prematurely old and feeble. Fortunately he has just come into an inheritance and can live a life of leisure.

Newark, Ohio.—Miss Madge Beatty is a Latin teacher in dear old N. H. S. and leads her pupils a merry life.

Columbus, Ohio.—Mary Stasel, who has just taken the Ph. D. degree from an eastern college, is now at her home in Columbus. As she delights in study, she is preparing to continue her education abroad.

Fleatown, Ohio.—After spending four years at Ohio Wesleyan and four years in a school preparatory for the ministry, Herschel Stephan is now the minister of a prominent church in Fleatown, which feels itself fortunate in possessing such a learned winner of souls. His faithful and adoring wife is the Mary Simpson of our High School days.

Newark, Ohio.—Ruth Phillips, until about a year ago, had been holding Mr. Gingery's position as Physics teacher in Newark High School, but suddenly eloped with George Pfeffer, who has just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Buckeye Lake, Ohio.—Miss Inez Korb has been Mrs. Paul Maranville for five years and they still live in peace and tran-

quality, their favorite occupations being fishing and picture shows.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Since Mr. Park Chase of this city has been unfortunate in business, his wife, formerly Miss Ruth Kirk, has taken to selling wonderful hair tonic, which has just appeared on the market.

Columbus, Ohio.—Until two years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Needham lived happily on a farm on the outskirts of Columbus, but as the agricultural business proved unprofitable to Mr. Needham, he accepted a position as professor at Ohio State University. Mr. Needham straightway became infatuated with an Ohio State girl and separation took place. Mrs. Paul Needham the first (Bernice Catt before marriage), is now in training school, which has always her heart's desire.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Miss Grace Killworth, after ten years perseverance, is now the head nurse in a prominent hospital of this city and is at present trying to decide which of her faithful admirers to accept, Lee Williams or Harry Graham.

Newark, Ohio.—Mary Franks, who passed her High School days in this city, after having received many proposals of marriage, has at length accepted the bashful swain, Floyd Orr, and they will settle down to peace and happiness in Jacktown, Ohio.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Mary Ryan, who has been married for almost ten years, is now travelling abroad on her husband's salary.

Upperville, Va.—Miss Mildred Woodward is the principal of a girls' school here and her cheerful ways and ever ready smile make her a favorite with all.

Chicago, Ill.—Miss Dorothy Montgomery, through both song and story, has become a famous movie actress and her daring feats astound the outside world.

Foreign News.

Rome, Italy.—Raymond Knauber, the teachers' torment during his N. H. S. days, has come under the influence of Billy Sunday and is now a dangerous rival of the Pope's.

Toulons, France.—Helen Laughlin has been the matron of an orphan asylum in this city since the death of her husband, Richard Stevens, who left her in narrow straits.

Berlin, Germany.—Charles Allen is now a learned professor in a young men's college in Germany. Mr. Allen does not believe in education for women and has never had any desire to enter the state of matrimony.

Paris, France.—Mr. Darrell Wintermute after graduating from college with high honors, has suddenly blossomed out into society and is leading a happy-go-lucky life in gay Paree, where he is a great favorite with the ladies.

Madrid, Spain.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has become suddenly popular in Europe and Garnet Hertel of Newark, Ohio, U. S. of A., plays very successfully the part of little Eva.

Porto Rica.—The famous prize-fighter, Homer Easterday, has made his permanent residence on this island. Mr. Easterday is at present, the man of the hour.

London, England.—Miss Mina Pletcher is the drum-major of the ladies' band in this city.

London, England.—Miss Ruth Hirst, famous authoress and playwright, has just announced her engagement to Duke Percival of the House of Montgomery.

Freaks.

Nova Scotia.—Mr. Leland Stevenson has been disappointed in love and in order to drown his troubles, has taken to high diving to fish for pearls.

Although Raymond Crawmer has proposed six times, the fickle "Lou Ella" finally refused him and turned her affections to Harry Gutridge and now they are living happily in a little burg off the coast of Buckeye Lake.

Guy Bazler and Hazel Long are living happily and peacefully in Belgium, where Mr. Bazler, Jr., is chief embalmer in the King's Cattery.

Mary Titus is now a gymnasium teacher in an eastern school for girls and delights in her work since it is a flesh reducer.

Kenneth Brubaker, the famous chemist and his wife, formerly Miss Relma Mayer, live happily in an apartment house in Boston, half of the rooms having high ceilings and half low, merely for convenience's sake.

Leslie Evans is still roaming the world as a "wandering minstrel," and is looking for a "Carolina" his own size.

"The Garbage Gentlemen's Ball" has had such an effect on Frank Ryan through all the years that he has become insane and has gone into the garbage business.

Mr. Fred Nehls, the adoring husband, has to keep his wife in a brass tower because her yellow hair and queenly beauty has such a maddening effect upon gentlemen.

Mr. Richard Stevens, a prominent dealer in jitney buses, recently died at his home in Toulons, France, caused by a peculiar phase of lung trouble. His everlasting jolly laugh caused cancer of the lungs, and after long and protracted sufferings, he passed away amid the lamentations of his beautiful wife, once Helen Laughlin.

Miss Adria Harrison of Newark, Ohio, having become disgusted with men, has chosen the single life, and now lives on a ranch in Texas, and raises cats.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Miss Josephine Lake conducts beauty parlors in this city and has a manicure establishment connected with it which Hooper McGirr visits frequently.

Boston, Ohio.—Mrs. William Oksee

(formerly Miss Olive Baughman) and her husband have had unusual success in the musical world and life for them is "one sweet song."

Mr. Harry Long no longer has any cause for jealousy since the sweetheart of his High School days has long since been his blushing bride.

As I thoughtfully folded the newspaper which held the account of so many of my friends of long ago, I thought of kindly influence our High School days have had on the career of our classmates and I wished that every class might face as happily as ours while they are journeying through this eventful life on earth.

—U. G. H.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

We, the brave ninety-eight who have dared to struggle through these long four years of hard work, will now glance backward to review the years we have spent under our High School's protecting roof.

One hundred and fifty-five strong we entered the school a band of wriggling innocents, believing that "a good ending must be preceded by a good beginning." Diligently we studied and bravely did we withstand the cruel jibes and torments hurled in our path by the Sophomores. Indeed, that first year we proved ourselves of no mean worth by furnishing one of the star debaters of the negative team, and so entering the school activities with a flourish.

In our second year, we arose ably in the scale and stepped safely (for most of us, at least) into sophomore importance. In this year we helped institute the famous "Play Ground" movement, raising funds for the establishment of the White Athletic field, which, year by year, comes to play a greater part in the life of our school.

The next year we became full-fledged "grown-ups" in the High School circle and chose our class officers as such. For over a year we had had our eyes on a tall studious youth who carried six studies and was exempt from three exams. as the president of our class, and now we set our plans into action by electing him. Dale Warner, our champion featherweight and most popular man we chose as a vice to Mr. Stevenson and Kathryn Davis—our Kate—and basket ball star, we elected to keep a record of the annals of our class.

Then we thought that Dick, the Grin personified, could best keep our financial books, but though we give him a fair share of glory, he must admit that his duties as treasurer of our class have been very light. In years to come, Mr. Richard T. Stevens, treasurer of the class of nineteen fifteen, will be forgotten, but "Dick" and his pet grin shall never be outlived in our memory. In our Junior year also we sent one of our daughters and two of our sons to the battle front, but to no avail, for though they returned to our arms safely and soundly, they were unable to bring back victory. We shall always feel that the judges would have displayed more wisdom and tact had they agreed with us on the subject, but there is no accounting for some people's tastes, you know, even in the case of debates.

Our first display of our marked dramatic ability was made in the Christmas rhetorical of that year, when we presented a few scenes from "Silas Marner," and afterwards when we presented "The School mistress" as our Junior play. Though not exactly a "scream" of a success in a financial way, every one remarked upon the unusual dramatic ability displayed by several members of the cast.

In athletics we decided to "show 'em" by having not only one but several fingers in the various athletic pies, and our lusty boys fought for the pigskin, shot baskets and ran, jumped and hurdled in a very creditable manner.

And so we fought, one hundred and six of us reaching the top step safely. Fifty-six girls and as many boys, aspiring to the

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commencement platform and sheepskin and apparently all ready to fight and conquer any obstacles which may lay in their path. But stay! We find two of our number choosing to receive a marriage certificate rather than a diploma, and although we wish them every happiness in their wedded life, we cannot help but wish they had stayed to receive with us some visible token of their four years work among us.

For Thanksgiving rhetorical, we presented "Every Student," a modern morality play, very befitting to the newly assumed dignity of our Senior year.

In athletics we have held our place, carrying off the track championship and supplying a goodly share of material for the regular varsity teams.

But the debate is the event of which we may be justly proud, for four of our number used noonday sun and midnight oil to bring glory to our school and class.

The days of our sojourn here are numbered and with a feeling of reverence as well as awe we look back, feeling that these four years, four of the best of our three-score and ten are swiftly drawing to a close and that soon all will be memory, as sweet and joyous as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which we have just presented to the school public. As we go through life, though, let us cast backward a thought and remembrance for Elizabeth Miller, who left us and our grovelling life of toil to go home to her "ain countree.

So, on the eve of our departure, we pause to commit to the class of Nineteen Sixteen a record of our jolly times here, and to wish for them that the culmination of their career as a class of the Newark High School may be as happy and as complete as ours. Newark High School, Nineteen Sixteen, Seventeen and Eighteen, Nineteen Fifteen bids adieu!

—M. P.

SIXTEEN'S FAREWELL TO FIFTEEN.

Again June smiles in gladness o'er the
earth,
And bids us leave once more our petty
toil;
Forget our flunks and failures, and let
mirth
And moonlight take the place of mid-
night oil.

But in her hand she bears a darksome
shroud
To wrap the Seniors for their tended
flight,
By her they are with mortar-board en-
dowed,
And strut in grandeur with their
added height.

And we who stand and listen to the bell
That tolls thy parting, Fifteen, from
our view,
Grieve much to lose you, but 'tis not
farewell;
Pass but a year and we shall follow
you. —A. B., '16.

Class of 1915, With Quotations



Leland Stevenson, "Steve"

President of the class; Athenian; Debate 1913-1914, 1914-1915; Junior play; Senior play.

"He has the stride of a genius—further proof is not at hand."



Dale Warner (Pee-wee)

Vice-President of the class; Athenian; Junior Play; Senior Play; Basket Ball Team 1913-1914; Captain Basket Ball Team 1914-1915; Track Team 1914-1915. Foot Ball Team 1914.

"His aims are various, and his successes many."



Kathryn Davis, "Kate"

Secretary of Class; Thalian; Thalian play; Junior Play; Senior Play; Basket Ball Team 1914-1915.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee, but to praise."



Richard Stevens, "Dick"

Treasurer of class; Athenian; Senior Play.

"Help!—I'm falling in love."



Grace Killworth.

Thalian; Class Will.
"A dancing shape, an image
gay."

Helen Laughlin.

Thalian; Thalian Play; Senior
Play; Junior Play; Reveille
staff 1914-1915.

"Dignified and sweet of face
Gives to her decided grace."



George Pfeffer, "Rip."

Athenian; Junior Play; Reveille
staff 1913, 1914; Editor-in-
Chief of Reveille 1914-1915.

"I have said so, therefore I
am right."

Guy Bazler, "Baz."

Athenian; Reveille staff;
Business Mgr. of Reveille 1914-
1915.

"A man with a purpose will
surely succeed."



Adria Harrison, "Afe."

Junior Play; Senior Play.

"If ladies be but young and
fair they have the gift to know
it."

Mary Franks, "Boos."

"Werry and I have never
met."



Homer Easterday, Homie.

Foot Ball 1914-1915; Basket
Ball Team 1913-1914, 1914-
1915; Base Ball Team 1914-
1915.

"Thinking is but an idle
waste of thought."

Hazel Darnes, "Bessie."

"Had sighed to many but
loved but once."





Inez Korb, "Patsy."

Junior Play; Senior Play.
"The heavens such grace did
lend her
That she might admir'd be."

Edith Myer.

Girls Basket Ball Team 1914-1915.

"Her ways are ways of pleas-
antness and all her paths are
peace."



Ralph Shaw.

"A man of many manly vir-
tues."

Harry Long.

Athenian.
"Ambition is no cure for
love."



Beatrice Stevenson, "B."

"She who sings, frightens
away sorrow."

Ruth Phillips.

Thalian; Commencement ora-
tion.

"The secret of success is con-
stancy to purpose."



Burr Van Atta.

"His qualities are such that
we can speak only good of
him."

Floyd Orr.

Foot Ball 1914-1915.

"A farmer's life is the life
for me."





Hazel Long.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown; take care!"

Mary Titus.

"Those who know her best, like her best."

Raymond Crowmer,

"Boogie Boo."

Athenian; Reveille staff 1914-1915; Debate 1914-1915; Commencement oration.

"Greater men than I may have lived but I don't believe it."

Peter Baruxes, "Pete."

"He may live without books; What is knowledge but grieving?"

Garnet Hertel.

"Better be small and shine —than be great and cast a shadow."

Dorothy Montgomery, "Dora."

Thalian; Thalian Play; Girls Basket Ball Team 1914-1915.

"Let's be gay while we may."

Clarence Young.

Foot Ball Team 1914. Track 1914-1915; Basket Ball Team 1914-1915.

"A friend of many and a foe of few."

Henry Mason.

"Speech is great but silence is greater."





Lou Ella Hawkins "Hawkshaw"

Thalian; Thalian Play; Debate 1913-1914, 1914-1915; Commencement oration.

"Thou hast a mind that suits with thy fair outward character."

Mary Ryan.

"With raven tresses, a light form and a gay heart."

Joseph Hawkins, "Joe."

Foot Ball Team 1914; Captain Foot Ball Team 1915; Junior Play; Senior Play.

"He is a man of honor of noble and generous nature."

Herschel Stephan.

Athenian; Junior Play; Track 1913-1914, 1914-1915; Basket Ball 1914-1915, 1913-1914; Reveille staff; Capt. Track 1914-1915.

"Wiser is his own conceit than seven men."



Bernice Catt, "Kitty."

Thalian; Junion Play; Senior Play."

"Her voice is blithe, her heart is light."

Mae McIntosh.

"Rich in all woman's loveliness."



Herbert Rine, "Fat"

Senior Play.

"He would willing die to be the main thing at his funeral."

Leslie Evans, "Giant."

"I love to wind my mouth up, I love to hear it go."





Ida Gleason.

"Nothing is so strange as gentleness."

Cecilia Adams.

"A general effect of pleasing impressions."



Walter Prior.

"An honest man and plain."

Wilson Irvine.

Commencement oration.
"When I have anything to do, I go and do it."



Vestal Wilson.

"Of pensive thought and aspect hale."

Mary Green.

Thalian.
"Rich in saving common sense."



Paul Horton.

"A gentleman makes no noise."

Darrel Wintermute.

"His ambition knows no rest."





Lillie Boyd.

Junior Play.
"It is the tranquil people
who accomplish much."

Ruth Hirst, Rastus.

Thalian; Scholarship for
girls; Reveille staff 1914-1915;
class poet; Commencement ora-
tion; Thalian Play.
"Accomplishments were na-
tive to her mind like precious
pearls."



Louis Wall.

Foot Ball Team 1914-1915.
"It's the little things that
count."

Robert Wilkin.

Athenian; Scholarship for
boys; Debate 1913-1914, 1914-
1915; Commencement oration;
Junior Play.
"Solemn, stern and stud-
ious."



Madge Beatty.

"In truth, sir, she is pretty
and honest and gentle."

Helen Clem.

"Hair like the sun, eyes like
the sea."



Harry Gutredge, "Red."

Senior Play.
"A man's errors are what
makes him amiable."

Paul Elliott.

"Girls don't look at me, I'm
so bashful."





Mildred Woodward, "John."

Thalian.
"True you are, and sweet
Beyond my old belief in wo-
manhood."

Cecilia Bush.

"To know her is to love her
and love but her forever."



Clark Mazey.

Foot Ball Team 1913-1914,
1915.

"An honest countenance is
the best passport."

Frederick Meredith.

Senior Play.
"We don't want him any
longer, he's long enough al-
ready."



Mary Stasel.

Orchestra 1914-1915.
"Why hurry, there is no
haste?"

Hazel Devereaux.

"A maiden never bold of
spirit, still and quiet."



Relma Mayer.

Girls' Basket Ball Team
1914-1915.

"There is a majesty in sim-
plicity which is far above the
quaintness of wit."

Harold Shannon.

"Slow of speech and thought,
but a hard plugger."





Doris Avery, "Dodo."

Thalian; Junior Play; Senior Play.

"She that brings sunshine into the life of others cannot keep it from herself."

Wilma McCort.

"The rose was blooming in her cheek just opening to the view."



Harold Alspach.

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."

Walter Blizzard, "Bliz."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed,
And certainly he was a jolly fellow."



Ruth Robinson.

"She is not made to be the admiration of everybody—but the happiness of one."

Ruth Kirk.

"The world delights in sunny people."



Herschel Jefferies, "Jeff."

"I envy no man that knows more than myself but pity him who knows less."

Clark Mazey.

Foot Ball Team 1913-1914, 1915.

"He is a man of weight."





Mildred McCain.

Thalian; Reveille Staff 1914-1915.

"Modest, meek and mild."

Agnes Evans.

"Be good, sweet maid, let who will be clever."



William Alspach, "Bill."

Orchestra 1913-1914, 1914-1915.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Harold Vogel.

Senior Play.
"In action faithful and in honor clear."



Bernice Mears.

"'Tis only noble to be good."

Lola Lemley.

"A cheerful mien, a happy smile is what announces her."



Herschel Evans.

"Whose heart is made of manly simple stuff."

Esther Robinson.

Commencement oration.
"Her heart was in her work."





Olive Baughman, Heine.

Thalian; High School pianist.
"Music is the poetry of the air."

Lura Tyler.

"She has a good face, speaks well and always neat appearing."



Goddard Chase.

Junior Play; Cheer leader; Track Team.
"A 'cheer'-ful giver"

Byron Harter.

"He was the mildest mannered man."



Josephine Lake, "Joe."

Thalian; Girls Basket Ball Team 1914-1915.

"She hath a heart that is gay
And a style for each day."

Allene Danforth.

"Silence and modesty are the best ornaments of women."



Frank Ryan.

Senior Play; Foot Ball 1915.
"With mirth and laughter
let old wrinkles come."

Paul Mossman.

"Enflamed with the study of learning."





Edith Fleming.

"A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good."

Mary Simpson.

Thalian; Captain Girls Basket Ball Team 1914-1915.

"Her air, her manners, all, who saw, admired."



Raymond Knauber, "Ike."

"I was born to speak all mirth and no matter."

Kenneth Brubaker, "Kenny."

"It seemed a cherub who had lost its way."



Ula Hess, "Bun."

Thalian; Thalian Play; Class Prophecy; Reveille staff 1913-1914.

"Five minutes—I have been five minutes late all my life."

Mina Pletcher.

Class Historian.

"She is a true friend, a thing rare and hard to find."



Albert Kaiser, "Slick."

"He ignores trouble and woe."

Hooper McGirr.

"Every man is a volume if you know how to read him."





HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back row, center—Prof. Klopp, Director
Second row, left to right—Jones, Chase, Fatig, Ankele, Schimpf, Connel, Schwartz, Kling, Weiant, Mayer, Slaughter.
Third row, Andrews, Holler, Chesley, Hulshizer, Brubaker, Larason, VanTassel, McCune.
Fourth row, Mayer, Bellas, Stevens, Criticcs, Chester, Walker, Alspach.
Bottom row, Walker, Buckland, Felley, Mitchell, Conway, Baughman, Stasel, Rothstein, Mort, Norris, Hildebrant

REVELLE

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



LEE WILLIAMS, President



WILBER GRANDLE, Treas.



GLADYS DRUMM, Secy.



A wise old owl sat on an oak;
The more he heard the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why are not we more like that bird.

HAWKSHAW II

The baseball season at Milan college had opened with a rush. Players dotted the large athletic field. Miller, the coach, laughed with glee, for not in ten years had there been such good material for players.

Graduation had thinned the regular nine. The two players "Bud" Hitchcock and "Bo" Stevens, playing the positions of first baseman and shortstop, respectively, reported for duty and greatly aided Coach Miller in whipping the men into three trial nines.

On Monday, starting the second week of practice, the Milan Athletic Association met in Smith Chapel for the election of Baseball Manager. Harry Williams was elected to the position and closed his brief address of appreciation with the words, "Milan college for the third time starts in to finish the season without defeat; our loss of our regulars puts us into a critical position and we must have all fellows report for practice; fellows that are not afraid of work, for the motto of our school is 'Strive and Succeed' and any fellow not giving his best to his school is a detriment to the name of that school."

He sat down amidst a roar of applause and there soon became a commotion for "Speech, speech from coach."

After a brief speech from the coach, the meeting was adjourned. For two days the spirit of the school was at a height that had not been equalled in years.

Baseball was talked of at meals, on the campus, on the athletic field, and in the halls. The school papers really "bristled with baseball dope."

"Cap" Hilliard, captain of the regular nine, nearly set his roommate into "fits" by waking up in the wee hours of the morn-

ing and yelled "Slide, you bonehead, slide."

At this point of the story let me introduce to my readers a lad, who is to play one of the most prominent positions in this story.

"Hawkshaw" Fred Sydler was what was known in Milan college as the "missing link," the "great what it is?" or alias Sherlock Holmes which came from his peculiar characteristic of detective work. He was small and wiry, only weighing about 105 pounds and standing five feet two inches in his stocking feet. As I have stated before, he loved detective work. He knew Sir Conan Doyle's works on Sherlock Holmes nearly by heart, and had a collection of studied finger prints and kept himself well informed on Burns and other prominent men in the detective world.

He was odd in dress as well as in mind. He wore clothes years out of style, wore a hat two sizes too small and shoes three sizes too big.

He roomed by himself, never mixed with fellows, except a few baseball men, took no part in athletics, and stood high in his studies except mathematics.

"Hawkshaw" was disliked by nearly all. He was pert in speech and overbearing in manner, looking down on all who failed to pass the semi-yearly exams as loafers, nor was he backward in expressing his opinions.

Returning to our chief topic, baseball, we find the regular nine picked, signals working to perfection and the coach in high spirits.

Every evening the nine swatted and caught the "pill," practiced signals and base sliding. When the first practice game, with a small preparatory school, was held, the field was packed with students who watched the regular nine shut

REVELLE

ture; he straddled desperately for freedom but odds of three to one are many."

At this "Hawkshaw," grabbing the crowbar, led off through a lane and suddenly he stopped and listened to a faint yell to his left. He started on a run and soon the yelling was heard audibly. It was "Ike's" voice calling for help and freedom. They soon arrived at a small shack and with the help of the crowbar, broke down the door. They found "Ike" sitting mournfully on a bench brooding over the missing of the game.

But being afraid of detection, they all hurried swiftly from the neighborhood to the road where the wheels were found.

"Cap" looking at his watch, found it to be 3:15, the game had been in progress 45 minutes.

"Ike" briefly related his experience on the way back. He said that at 8:30 a. m. he received a telegram and glancing at the first line only, had rushed to his wheel and hastened homeward, when about one mile out, he was accosted and after a brief struggle, carried and locked in the shed. He did not know any of his accosters and did not suspect Wooster college guilty of such malpractice.

Arriving in town they tore to the gymnasium, where "Ike" donned his uniform. They then hurried to the field and up to Coach Miler, who hugged "Ike" with delight, slapping him on the back and telling him to doff his sweater and relieve Smith at catch.

When "Ike" donned the mask, he found by conversing with the umpire that this was the first of the ninth, the score being Wooster two, Milan one.

Milan's rooters had given up hope of winning the game, but as "Ike" walked on the field hope was restored and the air was rent with yells and songs. Fans clapped each other on the back, overcome with joy.

When "Ike" doffed the mask after the calling out of the last Wooster man, he found the score Wooster three, Milan one. Milan had been unable to hold the visitors.

Wooster started in with the unquestionable fact that they were to hold the home team to a no-hit inning. But as the old saying goes "Pride goeth before a fall."

Milan's first two men up secured a hit but the third was a strike out, as the umpire called "Ecker up to bat," "Remes on deck," the grandstand shook with the yells of the Milan rooters for here lay the only hope of victory. Ecker was easily struck

out and as "Remes" came to the plate, he grasped a fine bat, his "old favorite."

The men on first and second clung to the bases for fear of getting out.

The first two balls pitched were strikes. The grandstand groaned, but the next was met by a well formed ashen bat guided by braun and muscle. The ball soared high over left fielder's head; the men on first and second tore around the bases in desperation. Remes rounded first, touched second and was nearly to third when the left fielder secured the ball and shot it to third.

The other two men had crossed the plate and now as Remes sped around third, he heard the crowd yelling "Faster, faster," in desperation he heard the ball caught by the third baseman and shot past him. Then out of the crowd he heard a voice, the owner of which was his deliverer that day, calling "Slide, you, slide." With one glance at the catcher ready to receive the oncoming ball he slid, digging up a cloud of dust, enveloping the catcher as he slid across the plate but the catcher nailed him—only two seconds too late and "Ike's" heart beat with joy when he heard the umpire call "Safe on home."

The crowd went frantic with joy and catching Remes with the members of the team, hoisted them up on their shoulders.

As Remes was being hastened from the field, he espied "Hawkshaw" hiding in the crowd and ordered his hearers to stop, and then, with a brief speech, he explained about the matter of not being present and took the explanation given him by Manager Williams about "Hawkshaw's" wondrous efforts and the maneuvers which he had used to free the prisoner from his captors.

But he was unable to talk for the crowd jostled and crowded toward the team and he was rushed to the gymnasium before he was able to thank "Hawkshaw" in his behalf.

After dressing, he met a committee from Wooster team, apologizing for the play enacted upon him, but they assured him that the rowdies were not Wooster students and that if he desired they would find and prosecute the guilty party.

The meeting closed with handshaking all around, Remes assuring them that they were not suspected and did not desire them any further trouble on his part.

That night on the campus was held the great bon-fire, there were speeches and cheers and as Remes closed his brief narrative, he explained "that not to him was

out the "preps" with a no hit game. The final score was Milan 22, "Preps" 0.

The season continued with victories for Milan college, some easily won, but in others only by good team-work and fielding were they able to defeat their opponents.

The last game was to decide the championship of the league. For two consecutive times Milan college and Wooster college had battled for the title.

Each had nished the season without defeat and now for the third time they would meet on the diamond to battle for the championship.

Wooster was certain of victory. Her winning the title the previous year had given each college a championship of the league and now each having a well trained team the last game proved to be exciting as well as interesting.

As the day for the battle of the championship drew nigh, it found the regular nine in "pink of perfection." The night before the game the names of the players and umpires were posted. There was a brief meeting in the chapel for practice of yells and songs and at eight o'clock Coach Miller chased his "pink cheeked babies" to bed in order that they might secure rest for the coming battle.

Saturday dawned clear and bright, throngs of people went through the streets singing and yelling.

Wooster rooters and team arrived on the 8:15 a. m. train. They were met by a committee from Milan college and conducted to the gymnasium.

At 9:00 o'clock there was a meeting of Milan's nine; every one was present except "Ike" Remes, catcher, the strongest hitter on the team and to whom was laid the responsibility of bringing in most of the runs. Without "Ike's" hits, Milan was in poor shape, indeed, and only by expert field work had they been able to hold their opponents to defeat without "Ike's" presence on the field.

Ten o'clock came and no Ike. Eleven and still he was missing. The town and college had been scoured for his presence but of no avail. Coach Miller walked the floor in desperation, rooters for Milan college looked glum before their opponents.

At last, in desperation, "Cap" Williams rushed to Coach Miller and said, there is one fellow to solve the problem—"Hawkshaw" Sydler. Shall I secure him?

"Yes," yelled the coach in desperation and "Cap" tore for Hawkshaw's room.

After a brief speech of explanation and persuasion, "Hawkshaw" donned his coat.

The first order given by him was to be led to "Ike's" room.

After a search among papers upon the table, for which he was laughed at by "Cap" as a foolish solving of the problem, he directed his attention to the floor, after a brief search he found a small yellow piece of paper—a telegram.

"Huh!" quoth 'Hawkshaw' satisfactorily, and read aloud from the telegram the following: "Mother seriously ill. Come at once. Father."

"It seems to me 'Ike's' father is dead, and therefore wouldn't be signed by him," Smiling to himself, he turned to Cap and said: "Secure wheels for you and me and also a crowbar and meet me at the telegraph station."

After stuffing the telegram into his pocket he hurried to the station where he questioned the telegrapher as to who sent the note.

The facts were that the telegrapher had been accosted by a burly young fellow that morning and asked him to send the telegram. The telegrapher unsuspectingly sent it by a small boy to "Ike's" room.

"Cap" arrived with the "bikes" and iron bars and he followed "Hawkshaw" down Main street and out Cedar street, a small street leading to Hilar town, six miles away, and "Ike's" place of residence.

"Cap" was in a pondering for such actions by "Hawkshaw" and relieved only when he dropped back and cited to him the facts of the case.

"Ike" surely must have been worried over the illness of his mother, "for she was ill of fever," or he would have taken time to read the signature of the telegram and know that it was a forgery. On receiving the message "Ike" without knowledge to anyone, boarded his wheel and made for home. My opinions of the case are that "Ike" has been kidnapped and secured so that he will be unable to participate in the game," said Hawkshaw.

After riding awhile "Ike" suddenly dismounted and dragged a wheel from among some underbrush by the road—"Ike's" wheel.

After a brief search among the bushes, "Ike's" cap was found, also the signs of a scuffle.

"Hawkshaw" rose quickly to his feet and said: "Here is the place of "Ike's" cap-

all honor due, but to "Hawkshaw," the Freshman, ill-dressed, pert in manner, and peculiar characteristics, disliked by nearly all but for

A' that.

And a' that.

He was a man for a' that.

The students rushed to "Hawkshaw's" room, hoisted him to their shoulders and marched, singing, about the campus.

From that day on "Hawkshaw" was liked and honored by all, his name going down in Milan's history as one of their real heroes.

—F. T., '17.

JACK'S VIOLETS

"Please take this box upstairs to Miss Glennar, Peggy," said Mrs. Moore, dean at the Glenford dormitory, "the florist just sent it."

"Certainly, Mrs. Moore—some flowers for tonight I suppose. Won't Lady Lee be surprised?"

With that she hastened upstairs, but before going to Lady Lee's room she decided to sit down on the old settee in the long hall to think of some mischief; for Peggy was always alert for some mischievous prank or joke to take place. She sat there fully ten minutes holding the box and looking blankly at the ceiling and around the hall and then she thought—

"Tonight, to the senior prom, we're all to go enmasqued. I just know that Jack Reed has sent these flowers for Lady Lee to wear. Now he'll recognize her by the flowers—then that will spoil all our plans—what can I do?"

In a second a thought struck her, "I might wear the flowers myself and fool Jack—that's just what I'll do."

And she jumped up and started down the hall to her own room.

At the head of the stairs the tall clock struck five. Peggy realized it was late and knew she must hurry if she wished to carry out her plan. She laid the box on the table in her room and sat down before her dressing-table. The mirror reflected her interesting little face and her sparkling brown eyes. She stood up and gazed at her length with a worried countenance.

"I'm too short," she said to herself, "Jack will know that I'm not Lady Lee. Now what am I to do?"

It was too late to think of anything else so she picked up the box and ran in Lady Lee's room breathlessly as if she had just been sent with the errand.

"The florist sent this," Peggy said smil-

ingly as she presented the box to Lady Lee. "I'm so anxious to see inside."

"From Jack!" cried Lady Lee. "I just knew he would—he's so thoughtful that way." And she opened the box to find a fresh bouquet of English violets.

"Violets!—how perfectly lovely! Smell them, Peggy."

Peggy took a long whiff.

"They are beautiful, Lady Lee," she said, and then pleadingly, "but you won't wear them tonight, will you?"

"Why not, Peggy?" Jack expects me to wear them—what difference will it make—no one will know me, but you—and we can keep it a secret."

Just then a rap at the door was heard, and before Lady Lee could welcome the listeners in, two heads appeared.

"Why Betsy and Gin! Where have you been all afternoon? See my violets!"

Lady Lee caught her breath and then realized her mistake as she caught Peggy's glances.

"Now you've done it, Miss Lady Lee. I thought that that was to be a secret." Then she said sarcastically: "But you never could keep a secret anyway—I suppose I'd better go to my own room," and she started for the door.

"Oh, stay a moment, Peggy," pleaded Lady Lee. "Don't let that secret provoke you—we can think of another." "Another!" shrieked Peggy. "A secret among four girls wouldn't be much of a secret, when two can't even keep one."

Virginia Lloyd and Betsy Reed had been taking in all the discussion and assuming beaming in her face, "if you were plan—that Peggy was up to a prank, they decided to encourage her in the matter.

"I know," said Virginia, with brightnessning a joke on Jack, "we can still fix up something"—then turning to Betsy she said, "You ought to be able to think of

some way to fool your own brother, help think, Betsy."

"Impossible Gin!—I've used up all my knowledge along that line and besides, I'm not going to the dance.

"Not going to the dance?" Virginia broke in. "Why not?"

"Well, Gin—you see dancing is one of my unpolished arts. Jack says so himself. And I'm afraid, too. It is rather late to get something appropriate to wear, so I've decided not to go."

"Nonsense," Peggy spoke up. This aroused her attention and she disbanded the idea of going to her room. "You are a very graceful dancer, Betsy. Jack doesn't know what he's talking about and you're not going to stay home for that."

"Of course not," Lady Lee spoke decidedly. "I would love to play a trick on Jack, Betsy, for he is so sure of knowing me among the rest tonight that I am just wild to bother him a little. I must wear these violets, that he knows—but say, girls, listen—how would this be?"

The four girls cuddled together to listen to Lady Lee's scheme.

"You girls could each send for violets. It isn't too late—phone right away and the florist can send them immediately. We might tell Kitty and Jane and some of the rest to do the same—the bouquets will look pretty for the occasion and in this way Jack won't recognize me. Then, too, it will also add to the evening's enjoyment just to see Jack will pick out for me."

"Great! How did you ever think of it, Lady Lee? That's better than our first plan." How glad Peggy felt that she didn't carry out her real first plan.

"That scheme is fine," said Betsy. "I half believe I'll go now. Such a joke on Jack—how I'll enjoy it—and I shan't tell him either that I'm going."

"Oh, Betsy, I'm so glad you've changed your mind—it will add greatly to our fun if you go," and she gave her a tight hug.

Within the next hour there was much excitement and hustle among the girls. They had taken six other girls into confidence and ten bouquets of English violets were delivered before they were in readiness for the big affair.

Betsy was the busiest of them all, trying to hunt up something old-fashioned. Virginia, her room-mate, found a beautiful pink flowered waist with big puff sleeves and lavishly trimmed in lace and pink ribbon. Betsy had a pale pink skirt which she found at the bottom of her trunk. It

was terribly mussed, but the creases were hidden by a beautiful lace skirt she fixed over the pink one. The waist harmonized splendidly with the overlace skirt and for a girdle she used Virginia's pink messaline sash.

Betsy gradually tried her costume on, as she collected parts of it, and yet kept searching for more.

"Why your costume will be stunning, Betsy," exclaimed Virginia as she stared at her amazingly. "You'll look like a flower girl."

"But the flowers," said Virginia wonderingly, "those violets won't be enough."

"I have some old roses in my hat box and Lady Lee will let me have her pretty basket to put them in, I'm sure. I'll go ask her about it now."

Lady Lee was taking the final glances at her costume and pinning the beautiful corsage of violets on, when Betsy rushed in all excited. "Let me have your flower basket, Lady Lee, I need it for my roses. I'm to represent a flower girl. Don't you think that's appropriate for the month of May?"

"Just the thing, Betsy," and she took the basket from her table and threw its contents of letters and papers on the desk.

She admired Betsy's costume and inquired as to where every piece of it originated.

"Where did you find your costume, Lady Lee? It is beautiful," cried Betsy, admiring her from the crown of her golden brown hair to her daintily slipped feet.

"It was grandma's," said Lady Lee. "Doesn't it just look like an '1847' style, Betsy?"

"Indeed it does," was the direct reply; "you are quite fortunate to have such a pretty creation."

"I must hurry now, Gin, and I will meet you down stairs in the left living room in ten minutes."

"Very well, Betsy—don't forget the violets, for we must fool Jack. And by that time Betsy was in her room.

The prom was held at the large "Gym" which was beautifully decorated in flowers and class colors, and the walls were covered with pennants and class banners. There was Virginia—dressed as a fairy, and Peggy tripped lightly from one bunch of girls to another in a Spanish costume. Betsy and Lady Lee were together—and they seemed much akin in their old-fashioned dresses.

They dared not converse too much together for fear their identity would be



THE JUNI



R CLASS



ATHENIANS

Back row, left to right--D. Jones, Pearsall, Long, Fuller, Swingle, Wilkin, Stevenson, Stephan, F. Jones, Fatig.
Middle row--Bazler, Williams, Grandle, Stevens, Arensburg, Crawmer, Pfeffer, Rawlings.
Bottom row--Keckley, Davies, Warner, Evans, Hess.

proven. But as they walked slowly to the opposite end of the large hall they looked with searching eyes for Jack. Of course, they could not tell which among the large crowd of boys was he. But Jack noticing them, did not recognize either of them as Lady Lee, until Betsy turned half way round and he spied the violets.

Jack Reed and his friend, Bob Gannon, appeared very gallant, dressed in court attire. Jack was tall and stately and made a handsome appearance in Charles I costume.

He could not tell which was Lady Lee. But he recognized her basket which Betsy was carrying so he decided that she was Lady Lee.

Time was drawing near for the first dance of the evening, so he lost no time but immediately walked over to the girls, who were now crowded together.

He was honored with the first dance with whom he thought was Lady Lee—while Bob himself danced with her.

Jack was almost sure that his judgment was correct—for though they never spoke to each other through gestures or in undertones now and then, he had sufficient proof—the basket and the flower.

The flowers! Why he had not noticed that quite a number of the girls had violets on. "Now, that's strange," he said to himself. Yet this did not waver his opinion for could he not tell by her dancing and her height that his partner was Lady Lee?

So the evening passed, and Jack had danced with most all of the "violet" girls. Bob was not so sure of his partners—but was much interested in Lady Lee whom he thought was Virginia. What a mix-up there was. Everyone acted their part to a decided advantage and though the girls recognized most of the most they were very careful not to be recognized themselves.

Betsy and Jack set out one dance together.

During one dance Betsy and Jack set off together. He felt that his pleasure had been completed in having found Lady Lee, so he decided to let her know that he knew her.

"You are Miss Glennan—eh?"

"See my violets," was her side answer.

"I am glad to have recognized you so soon—my violets—and your basket work-

ed wonders—Lady Lee," he whispered.

"Ah so?" she said doubtfully—and then to lead him further away, she said:

"I shouldn't have brought my basket."

"Never mind changing your voice," said Jack. "The trick is ours."

Just then Bob and Peggy walked over to them. Peggy realized the scheme was going through alright and felt so overjoyed that they had deceived Jack that she aided the matter by saying:

"I see, Jack Reed, that you are perfectly satisfied now—aren't you?"

"Why, sure, Peggy," replied Jack in a tone which proved his satisfaction. "You girls tried to put up a bluff by wearing violets, too—but that didn't bother me any Miss Peggy."

"How did you recognize her, Jack?"

"Oh, by my particular flowers; them, and the basket—and—her dancing."

"At this last remark, Betsy could hardly keep back her laughter. And Peggy, just laughed in spite of herself.

Betsy was so surprised that Jack had mistaken her for Lady Lee that she hardly knew just what to do. She tried very hard to disguise her voice for it was so different from Lady Lee's. She half wished that she hadn't deceived her own brother so, and that he had taken one of the others for Lady Lee. But now that the plot had worked out thus far, she continued in playing Lady Lee's part and succeeded by her effort.

Jack and Betsy danced the last waltz together and then everyone unmasked.

Roars of laughter were heard when everyone found out what their partners were and Jack was so overcome and astonished at his mistake that he stared at Betsy half disappointed—yet amused.

"Why, Jack," laughed Betsy—her eyes sparkling with joy—"how could you be so dumb?"

"Betsy!" exclaimed Jack—"my own sister! You little wretch!—why did you deceive me?"

"Why, Jack, you deceived yourself. You were positive that I was Lady Lee—you even complimented my dancing."

Then Jack felt that he must give way to the joke, and congratulated the girls on their skillfully planned scheme, declaring that Lady Lee and Betsy were the cleverest ever.

The Ten Plagues Modernized

John Halifax, Jr., squirmed uneasily beneath the steady gaze of Miss Quintin's eagle eyes, then he turned again to the description of Egypt that lay before him. His thoughts, however, would not follow his eyes. Why was Miss Quintin always looking at him? He could have chewed gums and thrown paper wads and done all sorts of lovely things if she would only ever have watched someone else. Oh, he wished it was vacation so that he wouldn't have to go to school, but there were still ten long weeks before him. In some way that fact got mixed up with his scanty knowledge of Egypt, and caused him to think of the ten famous plagues of that old country. How very like those plagues were the ten dreary weeks of school which were yet to come. The comparison pleased him more and more as he thought about it, and finally he decided that it would be excellent plan to inflict these scourges upon "teacher," the dose being one every week. He would be Moses, of course, but instead of beseeching a cruel Pharaoh, he would address himself to Miss Quintin, not so that she could hear him to be sure, nor would he use any flowery language, but in true school-boy terms he would demand, "Lemme go, you." It didn't matter about the other people, to John Halifax, Jr.

Now this was Wednesday of the first week, there was no time to be lost if he wished to turn the waters to blood. This was a little out of his line, but since he attended a country school he could easily turn the waters of the spring to mud, and that sounded much the same at least.

Accordingly, Thursday morning when Miss Quintin went to fill the school water-bucket, she found the spring alarmingly muddy, and was forced to announce to her pupils that they could not drink the water that day. All immediately felt a great thirst and John Halifax, Jr., rejoiced, for he thought the time had come when it would be necessary that school be dismissed. But Miss Quintin was a resourceful woman. Instead of the regular devotional exercises, she read to her pupils a treatise concerning camels, how they could go for days without water, and closed by saying: "I think that we can all find a moral to this story."

It was too much for John Halifax, Jr.,

and at noon he secretly removed the family of crawfish from the little spring where they had so nobly done their work and the water again became clear—the first plague had failed.

Bright and early on Monday morning of the next week, an unmistakable croaking of frogs was heard; indeed the hubbub was so great that it was necessary for Miss Quintin to send the first reader class to their seats. The noise seemed to come from directly beneath the building and the very walls were shaken with the reverberation. Surely school would have to close; but no, Miss Quintin believed in curing the trouble, not running away from it.

Quite oddly, it may seem, she sent John Halifax, Jr., to see if he could discover the cause of the disturbance. It is needless to say that he could. In a dark corner of the school basement stood a tub in which perhaps a dozen frogs were confined. It had been a whole Saturday's work to catch them and John Halifax, Jr., didn't feel at all anxious to carry them away. They are such slimy things to handle, you know. Therefore he spent so much time in searching for the cause of the trouble that he heard Miss Quintin coming to help him. What was he to do?

Fortune is very partial to some people, and now she presented a mouse hole to John Halifax, Jr.'s vision. Hastily, he crammed a frog into this so that it appeared to be just entering the cellar, then he strewed the remaining members of the chorus about, so that they appeared to have entered through the same portal.

Miss Quintin, who did not know much of the habits of frogs, was caught in the trap, and very humbly asked John Halifax, Jr., to carry the "horrid creatures" to a swamp about a quarter of a mile distant.

Of course it took the greater part of the forenoon to transport the reptiles to their destination, and not until dinner-time did John Halifax, Jr., return, looking extremely pale. He had gone swimming and lost some of his "tan." He immediately became a hero in the eyes of all the little girls, while the boys looked on, green with jealousy, and even Miss Quintin was tolerant—plague number two had payed at least.



THALIANS

Back row, left to right—Baughman, Lake, Hirst, Montgomery, Wolfe, Barrett, Cooperider, Hazlett.
Second row—Laughlin, Davis, Avery, Hartshorn, Hann, Ross, Howdeshell, Drumm, Long, Meredith, Woodward.
Third row—Miss Lindsey, critic, Hawkins, Ballou, Catt, Hess, Killworth, McCain, Johnson, Green, Johnson, Jones.
Bottom row—Berger, McCahon, Kibler, Phillips, Swern, Porter, Koos, Wilken, Allen.

REVELLE

The third pestilence troubled John Halifax, Jr. He didn't know exactly where to get the kind of "birdies" required, however, mice rhymed nicely, so during the whole of the next week, at unexpected moments, our hero unfastened his pockets which had carefully been pinned shut, and a little mouse broke the peace, for the boys tried to hit it with books, and the little girls climbed on their desks and shrieked; as to Miss Quintin, well, she was only human, and a woman at that.

During the fourth week there was comparative calm save that there was a furious buzzing in John Halifax, Jr.'s pencil box, but the fifth again brought disaster. The fence of a neighboring pasture-field was broken (in an unaccountable manner) and a plague of cattle ensued. It took our young friend and his cronies a whole afternoon to get the dairy herd back into the meadow and the fence properly mended.

Then for seven days John Halifax, Jr., wore his arm, his right arm, in a sling. There were boils beneath that bandage, of course he couldn't write.

Nothing happened the seventh week, for though John Halifax, Jr., was a magician in many ways he could not manage the

weather. Despite his earnest desire for hail the week remained provokingly cloudless.

The week following there was no planning to be done. It was the year for the seven-teen-year locusts and no human aid was required to make them sing. John Halifax, Jr., just sat and rejoiced at the tumult.

But soon, though darkness did not cover the land, a darkness of foreboding began to creep into John Halifax, Jr.'s heart. He was thinking of the next plague, the smiting of the first born, and he was an only child. What would happen to him? He began to lose sleep, he couldn't eat as much as usual, he was quite overcome by the heat, and he sat with his head in his hands, and sighed so often that even Miss Quintin pitied him, while his mother allowed him to live on jam and doughnuts for a couple of days. Surely the first born was suffering, surely Pharaoh could not be iron-hearted longer. It was the last plea, the plea of a spring-fever stricken mortal, and Pharaoh heard, for sure enough after the tenth plague school closed, and John Halifax, Jr., went home for a three months' vacation.

—A. B., '16.

THE FRESHIE'S WARNING.

A tall and stately maiden she,
A maiden as fair as fair can be.
Her eyes are blue, she has curly hair
And pearly teeth and brow so fair.

This lovely maid sits late at night,
Her studies pursuing with all her
might,
For she's a Senior good and true.
Who needs must hustle to get through

But if she'd studied instead of jesting,
Now would be the time for resting,
For at the end of the good Senior year
All are lucky who have no fear.

The moral is this, little Freshie, be-
ware!

Prepare each lesson with diligent care,
For woe to the Senior who has let things
slip past

And must make up her lessons right
at the last!

—R. L. M., '15.



ALUMNI.

By Rhodes '14



Irene Turrus '11, and Nellie Ballou '12, have recently been initiated into the Phi Beta Kappas at Denison University. This is considered a great honor to be given anyone, since excellent grades are required before becoming a member. We are very glad to know that Newark High School is represented so well.

Miss Ballou has been further honored by being made an assistant teacher in the English department of Denison. She is also a reporter on the Dennisonian staff, and is on the literary committee of the Adytum, which is Denison's annual.

Mrs. J. M. Knodle made a short visit in Newark recently. She was formerly Miss Rata Johnson and was graduated with the class of '74. She is now living in Illinois, where Mr. Knodle is in business.

Ethel Deming, of the class of '08, is teaching a township school near Dayton, Ohio.

Hazel Stevenson '14, has for the past year been training to become a nurse.

Truesdale Stevens is associated with his father in the firm of Stevens & Son, automobile dealers of this city. Their headquarters are in the new Maronic building. Mr. Stevens was the president of the class of 1911.

Paul Rugg, who is carrying on his studies at Ohio Wesleyan, has become a member of the Toastmasters' club at that University. This is a club the majority of whose members are seniors and is for the purpose of learning to give after dinner talks. This is an honor as well as of an educational value.

Miss Edna Martin, who was graduated with the class of 1904, is an accomplished music teacher in this city. She has attended the Faulton School of Music in Boston, Mass., and is now teaching the system in this school.

Vera Deming, of the class of '12, has just graduated from the Nurses' Training School, which is in connection with Lakeside Hospital at Cleveland.

Edward Kibler, Jr., '05, is successfully practicing law in this city. He is associated with his father in the law firm of Kibler & Kibler.

Miss Zoe Fulton, of the class of '97, is a vocalist of great worth. She has appeared in opera several seasons and a short time ago gave a most excellent concert before the Women's Music Club of Newark. Miss Fulton is at present in Pittsburg where she is teaching vocal music and is singing in one of the churches.

Mr. Wright Wyeth, who was the president of the class of '90, is at the head of the Wyeth Carriage Works in Newark.

Mary Hayman '12, is teaching in the public schools of Newark.

Calvin Hazlett '13, is attending Denison University as a Sophomore.

Adah Snelling '13, is a Sophomore at Ohio State University.

Esther Kissane '12, is teaching in the public schools of this city.

Owen Claytor '11, graduated this year from George Washington University at Washington, D. C., where he has been taking a course in dentistry.

Sarah Walker '10, is a Senior at Denison University.

Mrs. Lee Huff (Corinne Miller) of the class of '10, is now living in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Frank Webb of the class of 1900, is associated with the Norris Lumber Co. of this city.

Mary Belle McClain '13, is attending Denison.

Dr. Rollin Sook, Jr., who is a practicing physician in Newark, is a graduate of the class of 1909.

Edytha Hall, who is the reporter for the society columns of the Newark American Tribune, graduated with the class of 1909.

At a recent meeting of the Alumni Association of Newark High School, officers were elected for next year. These are:

President—Dr. E. V. Prior '98.

Vice President—Mrs. Chas. Allen '91.

Corresponding Secretary—Mary Swingle '12.

Recording Sec'y.—Esther Kissane '12.

Treasurer—Quincy Cheadle '12.

At this meeting the Association decided to hold all elections at the annual banquet.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Back row, left to right—Albert Kaiser, Harry Gutridge, Fredrick Meredith, Harold Vogel, Frank Ryan,
Middle row, left to right—Joe Hawkins, Leland Stevenson, Richard Stevens, Herbert Rine, Dale Warner,
Bottom row, left to right—Doris Avery, Inez Korb, Kathryn Davis, Helen Laughlin, Bernice Catt, Mary Franks.



HERE AND THERE



The program for commencement week, omitting the unpleasant happenings such as examinations and hot weather, is as follows:

Sunday afternoon, the Baccalaureate sermon, which will be preached by Rev. Charles Laughlin.

Monday, the Senior class picnic. Monday night, the dress rehearsal for the Senior play.

Tuesday night, the great play itself.

Wednesday, class day.

Thursday night, commencement.

Friday evening, the Senior dance.

The Alumni banquet will be held on Tuesday evening of the week following.

The speakers chosen for commencement this year were Raymond Crammer, Ruth Hirst, Lou Ella Hawkins, Esther Robinson, Wilson Irwin and Robert Wilkin. Olive Baughman is to give a piano solo.

A city teachers' examination was held May twenty-second. This gave the instructors a chance to experience, in a small degree at least, the dreadful terrors which they inflict upon us twice every year.

The Senior class chose as their play this year, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Shakespeare. It is needless to say that such a play, coached by Mr. Parker, and given by the following talented cast, will be a success.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....
Frederick Meredith
 Egeus, Father of Hermia.....
Joe Hawkins
 Lysander, in love with Hermia.....
Leland Stevenson
 Demetrius, in love with Hermia.....
Richard Stevens
 Philostrate, master of revels.....
Herbert Rine
 Quince, a carpenter.....Dale Warner
 Snug, a joiner.....Joe Hawkins
 Bottom, a weaver.....Frank Ryan
 Flute, a bellows-mender.....Harold Vogel
 Snout, a linker.....Harry Gutridge
 Starveling, a tailor.....Albert Kaiser
 Hippolyta, queen of Amazons.....
Adria Harrison
 Hermia, in love with Lysander.....
Helen Laughlin

Helena, in love with Demetrius.....
Doris Avery
 Oberon, king of fairies.....Inez Korb
 Titania, queen of fairies.....Bernice Catt
 Puck or Robin-Goodfellow.....
Kathryn Davis

The scholarship which are given every year by Denison University to the boy and girl having the highest averages in school work were awarded this year to Ruth Hirst and Robert Wilkin.

Mr. Parker coached the play which was given May nineteenth and twentieth, by the graduating class of Utica High School. We feel that this was quite a little honor to the school. The class gave the "School-mistress" in which our last year's Juniors scored such a success.

Ruth Hirst was elected by the Seniors as class poet and Mina Pletcher as class historian, while Grace Kilworth was chosen to write the last will and testament.

Mr. Barnes was a judge at the debate held May seventh, between Delaware and East High Columbus, at Delaware.

The week May tenth to fourteenth was Patrons' Week this year in the Newark schools. On Friday, the fourteenth, a chorus of three hundred voices, directed by Prof. Klopp gave selections from "Chimes of Normandy." This was followed by a short address by Prof. George W. Knight of Ohio State University.

On Wednesday, May fifth, room 20 journeyed to Horn's Hill, where they enjoyed a "weeny" roast.

On the evening of April twenty-sixth, the debators, accompanied by Miss Larson and Mr. Parker, enjoyed a picnic on Horn's Hill. It is reported by one of the party that the time which was not devoted to enjoying the "eats," was spent in arguing. Surely no one can deny that such a picnic would be educational. We only wish that a newspaper reporter had been allowed to accompany them, as humanity feels greatly the need of such wisdom as must have been expounded in so brilliant a company.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

It is with a mingled feeling of pride and pleasure that we look back upon our accomplishments in the way of athletics this year. From the very first game of football to the last game of baseball, our student body was unwaveringly supported our teams, not only by their spirit, but with their money as well. Especially was our basketball team supported by the student body. The crowds which turned out were a marvel to many people of our city. Old Hickey Hall was jammed full at every game and many times standing room was at a premium. We have no complaint to register about the support given our athletic teams this year by the student body.

OUR FOOTBALL RECORD.

The football team this year was made up of mostly "green" men. There were very few old heads among them. The team as a whole played well. It is true that we won but three games but some of the teams we went up against were the best in the state, especially Mt. Vernon and North High of Columbus. It was the general opinion that we had Delaware and Doane beat. Undoubtedly we would have defeated Delaware if Jones had not received an injury which necessitated his retirement from the game.

To Frederick Jones goes the red ribbon as the best player on the team. He scored four out of our sixteen touchdowns, and was our most consistent ground gainer.

Many of the members of the football team will graduate this year, but there is some very promising material in the other classes, especially in the present Junior class.

In the struggle for the class championship, the Juniors were successful. The Juniors defeated the Seniors 19 to 0, and the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 2 to 0. In the game for the championship the Juniors defeated the Sophomores 26

to 6, thereby winning the championship. It is to be hoped that many of the members of this team will try out for the High team next year.

Boys awarded the football "N" were:
 Charles Brown, Captain.
 Joseph Hawkins, Manager.
 Clark Mazey.
 Thomas Mazey.
 Floyd Orr.
 Frank Ryan.
 Frederick Jones.
 Louis Wali.
 Dale Warner.
 Orville Rawlings.
 Charles Allen.
 Clarence Young.
 Archie Goodwin.
 Homer Easterday.

THE SCORES OF THE SEASON.

N. H. S.	12	Granville High . .	8
N. H. S.	0	Utica	14
N. H. S.	7	Doane Academy .	13
N. H. S.	0	Mt. Vernon High	30
N. H. S.	26	Zanesville High .	0
N. H. S.	52	Gambier High . .	6
N. H. S.	6	Delaware High . .	9
N. H. S.	0	North High (Col)	41
N. H. S.	0	Coshocton High .	24

WHAT WE DID IN BASKET BALL.

Now let us turn our attention to basket ball. The basket ball team, unlike our football team was composed of veterans. While we did not win the championship we were beaten by only the state champions, Delaware and Mt. Vernon.

Perhaps we had the lightest pair of forwards, in Warner and Rawlings, in the state. However this pair, who have played together since they first played basket ball, gave some of the best exhibition of basket shooting seen for several years on the High School team.

At center we had Stephan, who without doubt, jumped every opponent. While



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right—Orr, T. Mazey, Wall, C. Mazey, Jones, Millisor, coach.
Middle row—Easterday, Rawlings, Young, Brown, captain, Warner, Ryan.
Bottom row—Hawkins, Goodwin, Allen.



BASE BALL TEAM

Back row, left to right—Hague, Berry, Taylor, Millisor coach, Thorp, Easterday.
Bottom row—Evans, Wolfe, Fatig, Hendron captain, Darnes, Jones.



NEWARK HIGH TRACK TEAM

Back row, left to right—Mossman, Chesley, Kaiser, Meredith, Mazey, Sims, Wall, Bieberbach, Coulter, Stimson, coach.
Middle row—Rawlings, Pfeiger, Warner, Young, Stephan, Captain, Jones, Mayer, Chase, Goodwin.
Bottom row—Africa, Woltjen, Andrews, Emmons, McKittrick.

REVEILLE

his basket shooting was a little mediocre early in the season, this fault rapidly disappeared and at the end of the season he was one of our most consistent basket cagers. Indeed, it was Stephan's basket shooting that defeated West.

On the guards were Jones and Young. Without doubt Jones was the star player on this year's team. Jones put up one of the best defensive games that has been seen in Hickey Hall for several years. Young playing at stationary guard, did not have the opportunity to shine as the other members of the team. However, when the ball got too dangerously close to our goal, Young was always there to get it away.

Goodwin and Easterday were the "subs." Goodwin, perhaps, played his best game against Glenford. Easterday, the substitute guard, did his best playing against East. Without doubt Easterday very materially helped to win the game by keeping Captain Paul of East from scoring, and scoring the winning basket himself.

In the class games the Juniors were the victors with three wins and no defeats. The scores of the class games were as follows:

Juniors	13	Sophomores	8
Juniors	13	Seniors	8
Sophomores	17	Freshmen	14
Freshmen	12	Seniors	5
Seniors	14	Sophomores	12
Juniors	21	Freshmen	16

THE SCORES OF THE SEASON.

N. H. S.	22	Glenford High . . .	15
N. H. S.	37	Y. M. C. A.	33
N. H. S.	47	Y. M. C. A.	17
N. H. S.	21	Alumni	41
N. H. S.	20	East High	17
N. H. S.	34	Zanesville High . .	15
N. H. S.	19	Mt. Vernon High . .	33
N. H. S.	19	Mt. Vernon High . .	36
N. H. S.	33	West High	24
N. H. S.	31	Commercial High . .	14
N. H. S.	25	Zanesville High . .	16
N. H. S.	27	East High	13
N. H. S.	24	Washington C. H. . .	8
N. H. S.	7	Marysville High . .	22

N. H. S. 322 Total opponents 333

Boys awarded the Basket Ball "N" were:

- Dale Warner, Captain.
- Frederick Jones, Manager.
- Clarence Young.
- Orville Rawlings.
- Herschel Stephan.
- Homer Easterday.
- Archie Goodwin.

The girls basket ball team played only three games this year. The scores were:

Zanesville High .11	N. H. S.	2
Zanesville High .12	N. H. S.	5
Hebron High . . . 1	N. H. S.	25

Total opponents 24 N. H. S. 32

It is a little hard to say much about our baseball and track team, as this issue goes to press before much is done. However, we have won our only game in baseball thus far, defeating Doane Academy 6 to 3. One class game has been played, the Juniors buried the Freshmen by the score of 36 to 0.

In track we have had one meet—that one with the Alumni, which was won by N. H. S. 77 to 32. In the class track meet the Seniors carried off the honors. Scores:

Seniors	59
Juniors	45
Sophomores	16
Freshmen	2

Red, white and blue ribbons were given as the prizes. A gold medal was given to the one winning the most points. The medal was won by Clarence Young with twenty points.

THE MINSTREL.

A minstrel show has been given by the Boys' Athletic Association. The show this year surpassed any past attempt. Twenty-seven hundred people saw the show in the three performances. Much of the credit for the success of the show is due to Profs. Klopp and Millisor, and the committee of boys who had charge of the business end of the show. Prof. Klopp arranged the opening chorus from a collection of old negro melodies, and a better piece of music is seldom heard in any minstrel show. The Athletic Association wishes to take this opportunity to thank the public for their hearty support.

THE BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Boys' Athletic Association had a membership of two hundred and fifty boys this year. To the credit of the association it must be said that they stood firmly behind our athletic teams this year, not only with their enthusiasm but also financially as well. The officers of the association were:

- President Clark Mazey
- Secretary Thomas Mazey
- Treasurer Prof. O. J. Barnes

SENIOR TRACK CHAMPIONS



19

15

Back row, left to right—Meredith, Wall, Kaiser
Botom row, left to right—Chase, Wilkins, Young, captain, Warner, Mossman.

NEWARK HIGH BASKET BALL TEAM 1914—1915



Top row, left to right—Warner, Captain; Rawlings, Captain-elect; Stephan, Young.
Bottom row, left to right—Jones, manager; Easterday, Goodwin, Millisor, coach.

NEWARK HIGH BASKET BALL TEAMS



1
9
1
4

1
9
1
5

Back row, left to right—Mayer, Simpson, Miss Crilly, coach; Howard, Myer.
Bottom row, left to right—Lake, Rosel, Simpson, Captain; Montgomery, Davis.

JUNIOR BASKET BALL CHAMPIONS



Back row, left to right—Myer, McLaughlin, Wiley, sub.; DeFrance.
Bottom row—Jones, Captain; Bieberbach.

REVEILLE

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The Reveille wishes to express through this department its appreciation to the interest shown by the many High School papers which have appeared on the exchange list. The criticisms of the paper were benefitted from our viewpoint and the compliments and good ideas given us by others were appreciated. As the High School editions grow older, they are bound to grow better, and that is what every editor on an editorial board is trying to do, so it is hoped that all the future editions will grow better with age.

The following exchanges are to be reported:

Comus, Zanesville, Ohio.
 Wittenberger, Springfield, Ohio.
 Rail Splitter, Lincoln, Ill.
 School Life, Metuchen, N. J.
 Hi Crier, Niles, Ohio.
 Scarab, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.
 Messenger, Ashland, Ohio.
 Thistle, Toledo, Ohio.
 Retina, Toledo, Ohio.
 Sentinel, Los Angeles, Cal.
 High School Monthly, Canton, Ohio.
 Scarlet and Gray, Nelsonville, Ohio.
 Bayonet, Germantown, Ohio.
 Crescent, Lakeland, Fla.
 Searchlight, Portland, Ind.
 The Nugget, Baker City, Ore.
 Spectroscope, Mt. Pleasant, Penna.
 Delphian, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Prospector, Tonopah, Nevada.
 Big Stack, Anaconda, Mont.
 Ochsheperida, Sheriman, Wyo.
 Student, Covington, Ky.
 Maroon and White, Carmi, Ill.
 Mirus, Miamisburg, Ohio.
 Crucible, Berea, Ohio.
 Orient, Newark, N. J.
 Quill, Enid, Okla.
 Wesleyan Transcript, Delaware, Ohio.
 Ohio State Lantern, Columbus, Ohio.
 Exponent, Berea, Ohio.
 Quiver, Marion, Ohio.
 X-Rays, Columbus, Ohio.
 Student, Detroit, Mich.

WHAT OTHERS LAUGH AT.

Physics teacher to boy asleep on back seat: "What is the unit of power?"

Boy awakening: "The What?"

Teacher: "Correct."

Harry: "Say, Bob, how do you start this machine?"

Bob: "First you push the lever A, then lever B."

A little gas, a little oil,
 A piece of wire to make a coil,
 A piece of tire, a ten-foot board,
 Nailed together makes a "Ford."

Mr. Tait: "Is my mustache becoming?"

Freshman: "It may becoming but it hasn't arrived yet."

"If a man in middle ages was called a vassel, what was his wife called?"

"Vaseline."

Boy: "How old is that lamp?"

Girl: "Three years."

Boy: "Turn it down; it is entirely too young to smoke."

Freshman year: "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior year: "As You Like It."

Senior year: "All's Well That Ends Well."

An Irishman passing a book store noticed the following sign:

Dickens' Works
 all this week for
 only \$4.00.

"The divil he does," exclaimed Pat; "the dirty scab."

"Mary is going to name her dog "Hardware."

"Why?"

"Because every time she calls him he maeks a bolt for the door."

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SENIOR LOCALS.

A Fable for Seniors.

(With apologies to Jimmie Lowell,
Harvard, '38).

Saint Peter locked up—saw a multitude
nearing,
And flashed out his keys as the first was
appearing.
"Good day, Mr. Steve," I'm happy to
meet
With an actor so ripe and a debator so
neat.
Just pass right on in, and don't close
the door;
We'll leave that ajar to admit a few
more.
There comes Mr. Warner of basket ball
fame,
Who down on the earth won himself a
big name.
Welcome here in our midst, share all
our delight,
While we greet Kathryn Davis with eyes
black and bright,
Who plays basket ball for all that is in
her,
And now there comes Dick, the profes-
sional grinner,
With Homer, our dear old study hall
sinner;
Then Kenneth, our darling, we must
give him a place.
He'll get through the gate on his an-
gelic face.
They were resting on shining celestial
ground,
Wondering where the rest of the class
could be found,
When over the brow of the hill came a
clatter.
St. Peter rushed down to see what was
the matter.
There came Grace and Dora running a
race
To see who could get the coziest place.
"Just hold the gate open a while longer,"
they plead,
"The rest will be here in a minute."

they said."
"Well, well," said St. Peter, "this won-
derful class
Are all coming, we'll have to admit
them, en masse."
So he stepped to one side and let them
pass through,
All the while seeing sights that were old,
and yet new.
In the first ranks came Wilson, leaning
on cane,
A fall from his airship had left him
quite lame.
Ruth Phillips ran up with compass and
rule,
And a big bunch of axioms she'd stolen
at school;
St. Peter looked grim; would he let a
thief pass?
But he couldn't bar out the math. star
of the class.
"Giant" Evens trudged up with a big
box of toys
He'd used in Room Three to amuse girls
and boys.
H. Stephan stepped up—tried to sell
them all shoes,
and George P'offer launched into the
late High School news.
Miss Mary Stesel rode up in a car—
Said it cost too much effort to walk up
that far.
Mildred McCain came, still thin and
small.
Her diet of books had agreed, not at all.
Mae McIntosh retained her fair curls.
Charles Allen his well known aversion
to girls.
Mary Ryan wa stalking—was it yet or
again?
And Lou Ella as usual was amusing the
men.
Raymond Crammer was spouting debate
tommyrots.
Josephine was displaying her new beauty
box.
And so there they were—everyone of
the class,
Each dig, actor, editor, laddie and lass.

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77 Commodore Street

REVELLE

New delights were ahead, behind closed the door.

But alas! three were missing. Outside were three more.

As usual, Doris and Ula were late. And Inez! They were not in sight of the gate!

We all stood around—wrung our hands in despair.

We were not complete when those three were not there.

We coaxed and we plead that he open the gate,

But St. Peter said, "Ah, no, they must wait

Till we open the door for the class of "Sixteen;"

They're entirely too late to come in with "Fifteen."

By this time they came up and we heard a sad wail,

Then a sound as though trying the high wall to scale.

They climbed for a month and at last reached the top.

Then flung themselves over, decided to drop.

Hurray! Yes, they landed on Heaven's bright strand,

And everyone present gave them the glad hand.

St. Peter forgave them on Judgment Day,

But after he had, we heard him to say: "This time we'll admit you but take this advice,

With impunity tardiness don't happen twice.

Those late to Heaven are guilty of sin, So you'd better be always on time now you're in."

So the class was united, were happy and blessed

In the studiless Paradise, country of rest.

So why waste these sad, idle tears here today,

When "Fifteen" will united be, forever and aye.

In class meeting, Leland S.: "The only way we can put the pictures of the play cast in the Reveille is without costumes."

In class meeting, Mildred W.: "I move that the nominations be closed."

Pres.: "Who?"

Robert W. (translating German): "Annette blushed and looked embarrassed sideways."

Lou Ella says she has such a good time in study hall now. She sits back of Dale W. and across from Lee W.

Kathryn D. copying a passage from the Chambered Nautilus:

Josephine, dictating: "Oh, my soul as."

Kate: "Oh, gee, that sounds like an old maid swearing."

Leland (in German): "To lie is to lie down and to lay is lay a thing."

Mr. Tait: "George, did you find out how much you were worth if you were worth your weight in gold?"

Geo. P.: "Yes, \$40,000."

Helen: "Gee, I'd like to have him."

Edith F.: "I wouldn't; I'd rather have Clark Mazey."

Our Idea of Nothing at All.

Mr. Gingery's hair.

Athenian meetings.

Class minutes.

Junior track team.

In Mr. Tait's seventh period Civics class, they were talking about the salaries of the Congressmen. Kathryn Wolfe was complaining about it not being enough.

Mr. Tait: "How about it, Kathryn, couldn't you keep house on \$7,500 a year even in Washington?"

(We wonder if that was in the form of a proposal).

Hooper McGirr (working electrical experiment): "Who moved this?"

Josephine L. (innocently): "I breathed."

In Reveille meeting for choosing the next year's staff:

Miss T.: "I voted for Frank Taafel because I liked his brother."

Mr. Tait: "I voted for Frank because I liked him, his brother and his two sisters."

(We expected a girl in it somewhere).

Literature and Comic Opera as Seen at N. H. S.

"The Music Master" Mr. Klopp

"The Greatest Thing in the World"

. Mr. Gingery

"The Iron Woman" Miss Allen

"The Fat of the Land" Mr. Milliser

"The Crisis" Exam. Week

"It Never Can Happen Again" . . Miss Jones

"Sense and Sensibility" . Margaret Fleming

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 "Innocence Abroad" . . . Darvel Wintermute
 "The First Violin" John Chester
 "The Choir Invisible" Glee Club
 "The Whirl of the World" . . Goddard Chase

Another course completed,
 As we journey on and on,
 Our High School days are ended,
 And our work we find here done.

But now there lies before us
 A road we now must tread,
 'Tis filled with new perplexities
 Of things we have not read.

We look upon the future
 With a hopeful anxious eye,
 Wondering what our lot will be
 When we pass our school days by.

But whatever is before us,
 May we bravely take our stand,
 Do our work as it behooves us,
 Through the path of this new land.

A teacher to Mr. Barnes: "May I keep
 the door of my recitation room open dur-
 ing the very hot weather, as the room is
 isolated and will not be disturbed by
 passers."

Mr. Barnes: "If your room is isolated,
 I think it will be cool enough."

JUNIOR LOCALS.

"There are many people in this world,
 Who think they have it tough,
 While others have an easy time,
 And can always run a bluff."

"There are always some who never say
 Aught of their burdensome load,
 But struggle along their own sweet way,
 Complaining never a word."

"You need not cross the ocean
 To find such folks as these;
 Just look at your local editors,
 And then say what you please."

" 'Tis against the law to help them—
 You never have helped them yet—
 So fold your arms, fellow students,
 And let the editors sweat."

—G. D., '16.

Sarah Louise T. (after repeating a line
 of the memory verse twice): "I guess I'd
 better say it again."

Suggestions for fond mothers to call
 their children:

"Scissors" Simms.
 "Cereal" Zentmeyer.
 "Crimson Rambler" Potter.
 "Sunflower" Fleigger.
 "Cutey" Lindrooth.

Mr. S.: "Ralph, what do you need to
 make plaster?"

Ralph M.: "Lime, water and sand."
 Mr. S.: "What else do you put in?"
 Ralph: "A hoe."

Miss L.: "Elenore, you can go and
 make a date with the photographs."

Following is a Latin poem with double
 significance, if read right:

"The Latin."
 "Isabile haeres ego
 Fortibus es in aro
 O, Nobile! themis trux
 Vaticanem pes an dux."
 "The English."

"I say, Billy, here's a go,
 Forty busses in a row.
 O no, Billy, them is trucks
 Vot is in 'em? Peas an ducks."

—Truth Seeker.

A Junior's character sketch of Robert
 Louis Stevenson:

"He was never very well. He wasn't
 very strong. He was sick a good deal. His
 health failed and he finally died."

Miss T. (in English): "Luola, use
 'Elevated Railways' in a proposition."

Luola D.: "Resolved, That Newark
 ought to have 'Elevated Railways'."

Grace K. (in Geometry): "When a var-
 iable approaches a constant it's the limit."

Mr. S.: "What is magnesia (poison)
 used as an antidote for?"

Ralph M.: "Flashlights."

An excuse which an anxious mamma
 sent Mr. Tait:

"Please excuse Grace for being sick."

Wanted to Know—

Why Robert S. changed the subject so
 quickly when Mr. M. was talking of "kid"
 love affairs.

How the porch swing at Goldie's works?

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OUTFITS MAY BE PURCHASED OR RENTED

If "Pete Petty" knows the rule about coming upstairs in N. H. S.

What would happen if Elenore would fail to walk down the stairs from chemistry with Orville.

If the bottom has fallen out of the vocal boxes.

What the following are noted for:

Elizabeth H.—Her delicate voice.

Mildred Mc.—Her charming personality.

Frank G.—Unsuccessful bluffing.

Mary L.—Latin reading.

Lillian S.—Sparkling black eyes.

Robert S.—Blushing.

Thoughts for Springtime.

"When the last days of school draw near,

And we think of our grades with fear;
We wonder how they can be so low,

Just ask the teacher, I'm sure she'll know;

For the grades we get are just what we earn,

And that is based on just what we learn."

"If had we gone to work with a sturdy hand,

We would not take those hard exams.

If we had started in with a mind to win,
Our chances of 'passing' would not be so slim,

For the grades we get are just what we earn,

And that is based on just what we learn."

Mr. T. (in Civics): "Catherine, could you live on seventy-five hundred dollars a year?"

Catharine W.: "I think so."

Mr. T.: "I'll see you later."

Catharine W.: "I saw a good picture show once. It was about the time of the French Revolution."

Gladys D.: "What was the title, 'The Last Days of Pompeii'?"

Robert S. (translating Latin): "They left their ancestors standing there decorated with gold and silver."

SOPHOMORE LOCALS.

Marshall D. (translating): "Caesar had to oversee the ships by which the army had to be translated."

Miss A.: "Explain the expression, 'The die is cast'."

Charles H.: "Why, that means Caesar was dyed and he couldn't change the color."

Miss A.: "Where and what is the Vistula?"

Woolson D.: "It is a round building with a hole in the bottom."

Ethel P. (going after a herbarium): "I want to buy a barbarian."

Miss A.: "What happened in Titus' reign?"

Woolson D.: "The burial of Pompeii."

Mr. B.: "Is a hyacinth a tree, shrub or herb?"

Ethel P.: "A tree."

Woolson D. (translating): "He threw fear into the Germans."

Miss A.: "What is an edict?"

Orlena H.: "Some people Caesar used to rule directly."

Miss T. (Room 18, 2nd Pev.): "Ula and Marshall, please stop talking. If it is necessary, I will see Mr. Barnes and make special arrangements for you."

Mr. D.: "How many pecks in a bushel?"

Helen P.: "Four, but there are only three in our family."

Miss A.: "Give some good points about the Germans."

Esther H.: "Well, they loved the women."

Fredrick M. (translating): "They forced the strangers to consist."

Miss A.: "What is the difference between an adviser and a head of a department, when you get down to business?"

Wm. P.: "The head of the department would get more pay."

Wilma C. (translating): "The Germans crossed the Rhine near the sea, into which



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the river flowed with a great multitude of men."

Miss A.: "Ben Hur is hard to get."

Woolson D.: "It isn't so scarce, is it?"

Miss L.: "Philip, what have you back there?"

Philip P.: "Nothing."

Miss L.: "Oh, I am sorry, I was mistaken."

Woolson D.: "The Pantheon had two rows of poles and the light came in through an aperture in the top."

Miss L.: "She stood with her hands on her elbows."

Miss A.: "All the rulers in this war think the Lord is on their side, but I don't; I think someone else is."

Wanted to Know—

Why the school does not take up a collection to buy Mr. D. a bed, so that he won't have to go to sleep in church.

What Marshall and Ula were talking about in Room 18, 2nd Period, when Miss T. caught them.

We Wonder—

Why Mabelle J.'s favorite flower is Sweet William.

Why Georgia H.'s is Johnny-jump-up.

In period six in Room 18,
Sits all alone upon her throne,
Miss Jones in glory all behold
With her a whisper must be bold.

The only sound which breaks the still
Is "John, get out. O yes, you will."
She looks a hole through anyone
If they some evil deed hath done.

She neither reads nor writes nor talks,
Unless it is when someone balks
She bawls them out in some wise manner,
Enough to raise their fear to anger.

Nevertheless she's a good-natured teacher,
For when anyone outside happens to meet her,
She smiles and nods as you tip your hat,
So we mustn't mind if she acts like that.

FRESHMAN LOCALS.

Robert A. (to Dr. Shirer who was standing by his "Ford" with his foot on the fender): "Where is your other roller skate, Doctor?"

Dr. Shirer: "In my pocket."

Freshie: "Where did you get those orange socks?"

Other Freshie: "California."

Miss M.: "Where do you think Shakespeare would have been buried?"

Eaton B.: "In the graveyard."

Frank S.: "Mutt, how long did you run?"

Arnold C.: "Till I stopped, Jeff."

Miss M.: "Eaton, tell the other location of the ship."

Eaton B.: "It was in the water."

Mr. M.: "Name some dairy products."

Frederick: "Eggs, butter and beef."

Mr. B. (to Evelyn who had been walking heavily in the hall): "You seem to make considerable noise walking." "What size shoe do you wear?"

Evelyn M.: "I never tell."

Bertha B. (in P. Geography): "This glacial soil is no good for navigation because they cannot plow up the boulders."

Mr. B.: "What was that word and what did you mean?"

Bertha S.: "I don't know what the word is."

Martha M. (under her breath): "She means agriculture."

M. B.: "I see someone is a mind reader."

Miss J. (in Algebra): "That problem is not any righter than it was before."

Mabel W.: "Joe Hawkins (Jim Hawkins) crawled out of the barrel."

Minister: "Deacon Jones, will you lead us in prayer?" (Deacon sleeps peacefully).

Minister (louder): "Deacon, will you lead?"

Deacon (awakening): "It ain't my lead, I dealt."



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